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TRIBUTES TO NATURE

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By ASA K. McILHANEY

TRIBUTES TO NATURE

A COLLECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY, AND OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED AUTOGRAPH LETTERS PERTAINING TO ARBOR DAY, TREES, AND FLOWERS, WRITTEN BY EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN, DURING A PERIOD OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

371.575 Pa.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY
ASA K. McILHANEY
FORMER PRINCIPAL OF SCHOOLS
BATH, PENNSYLVANIA
1922

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By ASA K. McILHANEY

KNERR PRINTING COMPANY
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Asa K. McIlhaney

To

My Grandchildren

DOROTHY McILHANEY GISH

and

ALEXANDER NEWTON GISH, JR.

This Little Volume

is

Affectionately Inscribed

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TRIBUTES TO NATURE

ARBOR DAY

For the tree of the field is man's life.—Deut. 20, v. 19.

* * *

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.—Genesis 2, v. 9.

* * *

O World as God has made it! All is beauty.—Browning.

THE LESSON OF THE TREE

By Eben E. Rexford

We have brought from the forest a seedling
That Nature planted there
In God's beautiful woodland garden,
And under her tender care
It began to live out its mission
In a quiet, humble way,
But a broader field of labor
We have chosen for it today.

We plant it here that the children
May watch its leaves unfold
And grow through the summer's greenness
To autumn's brown and gold,
And gain, in the passing seasons,
Some hint of the mighty plan
Thought out by the great God—Teacher
For the growth of the soul in man.

They will watch it struggle upward
To'rds the sky that shines o'erhead;
They will watch its strong limbs broaden
As the roots beneath it spread,
It will grow to a thing of beauty,
And men will love the tree
As it comes to the full fruition
Of what God would have it be.

There's an eloquent object-lesson
In the tree we plant today,
As out of its small beginning
It strives, and makes its way.
Ever aspiring upward
To the sunshine and the light,
It will come, at last, to the stature
Of the giant on the height.

Read the lesson over and over
Of God in the growing tree.
Ponder the meanings hidden
In all that you hear and see,
And say—"As this tree strives upward
After the world-old plan
So will I strive, till the student
Grows to the stature of man."

Delve for the deeper knowledge
That is taught in the school of God,
Search for the wisdom waiting
Those who patiently plod.
Let the instinct of striving upward
And reaching out to the sun
Govern each thought and action
Till the scholar's prize is won.

HISTORIC ARBOR DAY GROVE

By Asa K. McIlhaney

On the school campus of the borough of Bath, in eastern Pennsylvania, is a grove of beautiful trees, comprising many species, all planted by the school children, on different Arbor Day celebrations since April, 1888. To me they are interesting for I assisted in their planting. I watch their growth, often examine them with a personal pride, and am vain and nature-worshipper enough to imagine that they nod to me with a smile of recognition when in their presence.

The writer was then the Principal of the schools, and the happy thought came to him that there should be an "Authors Grove," in which the boys and girls should honor, by living monuments, the great men and women in literature, so that while they learn to love and reverence trees, they will at the same time become interested in the lives and writing of distinguished and worthy authors.

So with each tree planted is associated the name of an eminent man or woman, who being apprised of the honor, acknowledged it in classic terms. These autograph letters addressed to the writer constitute a valuable portfolio, and are given in the following chapter. There is a personal nearness in these letters especially when I think that most of them were written by hands that are no more. They are filled with beautiful tributes to nature, and are messages of sincerity, graceful diction, and high thought, and are read again and again with peculiar pleasure and profit.

The trees which the children plant, and which they assist in dedicating, will become dearer to them as year after year rolls on. As the trees grow, and their branches expand in beauty, so will the love of them increase in the hearts of those by whom they were planted and dedicated, and long before the children reach old age they will almost venerate these green and living memorials of youthful and happy days. They cannot help but remain the friends of trees and of forest culture.

It is not enough to be a tree-lover and a tree-planter; but also a tree-worker and a tree-protector. The responsibility will devolve upon the teacher to inculcate a spirit of respect on the part of the pupils for the plantation. They must be made to feel personally accountable for the success of the newly-planted tree.

Who has not treasured some memory connected with waving green branches, perhaps a favorite tree of childhood. Is it the noble horse-chestnut that guarded the entrance to the home, and under its shade a favorite author has been read, the buttonwood tree which stood nigh by the schoolhouse doorstep, the beech on which we cut our initials, the giant oak at the foot of the hill, or the Lombardy poplars, those "shut-up" trees planted along the roadside, whose very tops, in our childhood's imagination, "seemed to touch the sky?" Thank heaven for them.

Plant trees! Fifty generations are looking down upon us.

BARTRAM'S GARDEN, A TREE SHRINE.

By Mira L. Dock

Bartram's Garden is one of Philadelphia's most precious memorials of Colonial days. For almost thirty years it has been included in the city Park system, but, in addition to this municipal oversight, the protection of the house and grounds is also safeguarded by the John Bartram Association, a society comprised of lineal and collateral descendants, of scientific men and women connected with the University of Pennsylvania and other educational institutions; and a constantly increasing number of men and women attached to the memory of America's first great Naturalist, who here about 1730 planned on his farm the first Botanic Garden of the New World.

The annual meeting of the Association is held in June, when the spell of the place seems to increase with years. Time and other causes have made sad havoc with some of the most valued trees in the outer portions of the grounds, nearest to the fast encroaching city, but immediately about the house the great boxwoods, the Sugar Maple, the Thorn sent by Collinson, and many other old friends hold their own. Perhaps the tree of most human interest is the venerable Pear, at the South end of the house, of which Collinson wrote in 1763—"It has been thy pleasure to wait, but mine to hear of the delicious pear, raised from Lady Petre's seed, but she, dear good woman, is gone to her rest."

John Bartram was born at Darby in 1699, and from 1728 to the time of his death in 1777, lived in the stone house which he built largely by his own hands, upon the farm by the lower Schuylkill, of which only a small portion, less than thirty acres, is now known as Bartram's Garden.

The two features of Bartram's life which are most impressive, are, his incredible industry upon his farm, and his incredible activity in exploring and collecting. All the external evidences of his life show that he was successful and happy in his farm life. The vast correspondence he carried on with the chief scientific men of Europe, with plant collectors there, and with many of the most important men of his own time in this country, testifies to the value of his discoveries and observations.

Of the two conflicting features of farming and collections he says to Alex Catcot in 1742: "I believe I have taken more pains after the study of Botany and the operations of nature than any other that was ever born in America. From the time that I was twelve I had a great inclination to Botany and Natural History, notwithstanding my low fortune which laid me under the necessity of very hard labor for my family, having a wife and seven children whose subsistence depends on the produce raised upon my farm near Philadelphia."

Out of this labor grew a competence for his later years. How he compassed it, yet explored and collected for two or three months a year, wrote descriptions and drew maps which were acceptable to the Royal Society, is not surpassed by any one of his time. In his letter he says: "Most of my descriptions were done in the greatest hurry, by candle light or on

First days, being hurried in travelling, or labor about my farm.

Another striking feature of Bartram, was the attraction that he, a member of the Society of Friends, possessed for the English officials in this country. At one time, in his sixty-sixth year, he was importuned by Lord Gordon, to travel, at his expense, to Quebec, while at the same time, General Bouquet urged that Bartram accompany him to Florida.

This he accepted, being appointed chief Botanist to the King, and with his son, William, explored the St. John's River.

In his journeys extending from Lake Ontario, the Catskills and New England to Florida, he acquired, as he truly said of himself "a pretty general knowledge of every plant and tree in our Continent" (in parts then belonging to England). His journeys extended as fast as new frontiers were made to their farthest line. He enriched English parks and gardens with hundreds of species of trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants. He in turn was presented with every new seed and plant as they reached his English correspondents, was the recipient of "presentation copies" from the great botanists of Europe, and of other testimonials, most of them still in good condition.

Within the house one is reminded of the letters to and from the friends across the sea. Outdoors are still many visible reminders, the "great Magnolia from the headwaters of Susquehanna," (Cucumber tree) discovered in Bartram's journey to the Six Nations with Conrad Weiser in 1743. Cones of the original tree were sent to Collinson at about the same time he sent Bartram the first Horse Chestnuts planted in America and great was their rejoicing about twenty years later when on each side the ocean their trees bloomed.

In this Garden the same river glances through the trees that Bartram saw. The same birds flit through the branches as in his day, and if the number of the trees is lessened, they are as cherished as in his time, by those who venerate the creator of this still beautiful place, a veritable shrine for tree-lovers.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

By George P. Morris

Woodman, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bow!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand;
  Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
  And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
  Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
  I sought its graceful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
  Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
  My father pressed my hand—
Forgive the foolish tear,
  But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
  And, still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
  And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy ax shall harm it not.

ARBOR DAY LETTERS

Let dead names be eternized by dead stone,
Whose substance time cannot increase nor mar;
Let living names by living shafts be known,
That feel the influence of sun and star.
Plant thou a tree, whose griefless leaves shall sing
Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring.

—EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington,
April 18, 1917.

May I not say how sincerely gratified I am at the compliment which the pupils of the public schools of Bath purpose paying me on Arbor Day in planting a tree named in honor of me?

My favorite tree is the oak. It will always be a subject of the most pleasant and gratifying memory to me that I should have been so thought of. —WOODROW WILSON.

I thank you for your letter of the 7th instant. I most heartily believe in Arbor Day and in inculcating among children the love for trees which you are trying to inculcate. I would not know what to say as to my favorite tree. The hickory is such a distinctly American tree that I am particularly fond of it; but there are many others —the oak, beech, birch, chestnut, pine and under certain circumstances the maple and locust — of which I am equally fond, and I have a peculiar feeling for the tulip tree. In short, there are so many trees that are lovely that I would not be able to choose among them. You see that even in the above list I have forgotten the elm, than which there can be no more beautiful tree. My advice would be to select the tree that would thrive best in the particular locality where you plant it.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I am very much pleased to learn that the pupils in the public schools of Bath, intend to do me the great honor of planting a tree, which they will name for me, next Arbor Day.

I am very much interested in that feature of our School life, which leads to the planting of trees, for this adds not only to the beauty, but to the wealth and prosperity of our country.

There can be no doubt, that the pupils in our Schools, who live to enjoy the rights and the shade of the trees they now plant, will feel fully repaid for all they do on Arbor Day.

—GROVER CLEVELAND.

I have received your favor of October 29th, informing me that the pupils of your school have named for me a tree planted by them on Arbor Day; and I beg to express to them, through you, my sincere appreciation of their friendly remembrance.

—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Accept my sincere thanks for your most agreeable letter, and especially be assured of the pleasure you have given me by your kind allusions to the anniversary of Arbor Day which I had the honor of originating and establishing. The growth of Arbor Day in the estimation of people of the country, as well as its constant accumulation of the affection of all those who love the beautiful, will, I think, in due time make it a very generally observed holiday. In Nebraska, my own state, it has already been made

a legal holiday, by act of the Legislature, all business places being closed on that day, and the best interest of all school children, teachers, and many other good people, being consecrated to tree-planting from early morn to dusky eve.

* * *

I would also thank you for the copy of a letter from the Rev. S. F. Smith. I am very glad that the author of that magnificent hymn "America" should have been interested in this modern anniversary which looks to the conferring of blessing upon posterity. His "Tree-planting" hymn which you enclose is a very beautiful production—quite equal, I think, in fervor to "America."

James Russell Lowell's letter to you bearing date April 5, 1891, from Elmwood, Cambridge, is another beautiful tribute to the new anniversary and I shall always regard it with the sincerest pride.

* * *

You have, no doubt, the richest collection of letters from eminent people of Europe and America, on the subject of Arbor Day, in the possession of any single citizen; and I am sure that you will at last see that they are placed where they can do the most good for the cause. But, were I in your place, I should never let the originals go out of my possession, by mail, for fear of their being lost.

* * *

Permit me to express the hope that all who were so kind as to arboreally remember me, may never regret their efforts in behalf of tree-planting, and that each one may fully realize that nothing lives so long as Truth and Trees.

My favorite forest tree is the elm.

—J. STERLING MORTON.

I have received your kind letter with much pleasure, and value highly the honor which your pupils propose to confer upon me, by planting a name-tree for me in their garden on Arbor Day. Be pleased to tell them, with my very good wishes, that I accept the honor with great alacrity and delight, — for to plant a tree is a good deed, and one in which I like to be even indirectly concerned. A Hindoo proverb says that if anyone "plants a tree, digs a well, and brings up a son," he is sure to go to heaven. I would leave the choice of species to you and them, seeing that so much depends upon soil and climate, — but whatever it be, the roots of it will not cling closer to your American earth than my grateful thoughts do to all the dear friends I have met in the States, and all the pleasant days I have passed there. Kindly convey to the pupils my best thanks and warm good-will. —EDWIN ARNOLD

I am glad to hear that your pupils are going to keep Arbor Day; if you can teach them to love and cherish trees, and the proper way to plant them, you will teach them a very valuable lesson.

Boys: give the tree plenty of roots and a soft deep bed to rest in; tuck it up carefully in its bed, with your hands. The roots of a tree are much more soft and tender than its branches, and cannot be handled too gently. It is as important to know how to take up a tree, as how to plant it. A friend of mine brings quite large hemlocks from the woods, and plants them on his grounds, and has no trouble to make them live. He does much of the work with his hands, follows the roots along and lifts them gently from the soil, and never allows them to dry. The real feeders of a tree are very small, mere threads; the bulky, muscular roots are for strength; its life is in the rootlets that fringe there, and to let these delicate feeders dry, even by an hour's exposure, to a drying air, is to endanger the vitality of the tree. By the way, in your planting, do not forget the hemlock. It is a clean, healthy, hardy, handsome tree. Do not forget the ash either, if only for its beautiful, plum

colored foliage in autumn. Above all do not forget the linden or basswood, a tree generally overlooked by our arborists. It is as pleasing as the maple in form and foliage, and then it is such a friend of the honey-bee. What a harvest they get from it and just when other sources of honey supply begin to fail. I have somewhere said, that when you bait your hook with your heart the fish always bite, and I will now say, that when you plant a tree with love, it always lives; you do it with such care and thoroughness. With best wishes for the success of your tree-planting.

—JOHN BURROUGHS

I am glad to hear the tree flourishes. I think the maple is my favorite tree because it is my home tree—it was the prevailing tree in my home woods. Maple-sugar making was one of the delights of my youth.

—JOHN BURROUGHS

I am very sensible of the honor which my young friends of the school show me in proposing to name for me a tree to be planted upon Arbor Day. It seems to me that no man could ask for a more beautiful memorial than a tree which constantly renews its life, and becomes every year larger, and adorns itself with ever changing foliage and sings through the year, by day and night, with the birds in summer and in winter with the winds. Better than a marble monument, it is a living admonition to the man whose name it bears, not to allow his namesake tree to surpass him but to remember always to do his best like the tree; like the tree to stretch his arms untiringly in kindly refreshment to others, and like the tree to grow continually toward heaven.

As he thinks of the countless uses of a tree he will consider anxiously his own uses, and he will long meditate the truth that a tree is known by its fruit. It is by care and diligent cultivation that the wild crab becomes the luscious apple, and, by skillful grafting, the same stock will produce different varieties of the fruit. All such hints and warnings are impressed upon my mind by the generosity of the pupils in naming a tree for me. They put me under heavy bonds to do nothing and to say nothing which should cause them to regret their action or to cover me with shame by justifying them in cutting down the tree with a dishonored name.

On my part I beg my young friends to remember what the poet says, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and to make two practical applications of it. First to take great care to plant me, as a tree, straight so that I may grow upright, and not find in a crooked trunk an excuse and example for a crooked life; and second to take equal care to plant themselves straight as boys and girls, for they are the human twigs whom the poet had in mind. If they are planted straight, they will grow into upright men and women, and the fruit by which they will be known will be sweet and fair. When I am once planted as a tree, if I grow and do well and put out wide spreading branches and great clusters of leaves, then, if ever hereafter any of the young friends who plant me should hear from an unseen bird which nestles in my protecting leafy arms, a peculiarly sweet and happy song, they will understand that it is the voice of the tree itself thanking them with all its heart for giving to it its name.

—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

I desire to say in reply to your letter of the 13th inst., that while as a Vermonter, I have some fondness for the pine tree, I think you have done well in selecting a blood beech for your planting this year, and hope the tree, as well as the schools of Bath, may grow and flourish.

—GEORGE DEWEY.

I have been much pleased by the receipt of your letter of yesterday, enclosing a twig from my namesake, the Dewey tree in the Arbor Day grove planted by the school children of Bath. I am glad to know that the tree is thriving, and hope the same is true of your town and its people.

—GEORGE DEWEY.

Your very kind letter of the 23rd ult. I can now answer. I have been confined to my room for a week, not going to the office at all, and hence your letter has remainen unanswered.

I thank you and all the school children for thinking of me in connection with the pleasant evercises of "Arbor Day"; and I hope the tree named after me, may grow and give pleasant shade to children's children and woo thousands of birds to blissful songs, and with laughing leaves greet each returning summer for years and years to come.

I wish I could have been with you, especially to give honor, so well deserved, to the noble-minded Governor Wolf, whose portrait looks down upon me from my office wall, and also to encourage your school-children in their efforts to increase the loveliness of their school grounds where they are to enjoy many of the sweetest associations of their earthly life. Remember me most kindly to them, and assure them of my unceasing interest in their welfare. —E. E. HIGBEE.

Ask the boys to plant a mulberry tree for me. I like mulberries and I like boys; there cannot be too many of either; and I have always noticed, that the more mulberries there are, the more boys there are.

—W. D. HOWELLS.

I am much pleased with what you tell me about Arbor Day and especially concerning the tree which bears my name.

My particular favorite among forest trees is the Elm.

—O. W. HOLMES.

I write a line or two, with my own hand, to wish you and your pupils God-speed in your pleasant task of tree planting. It is a truly philanthropic work, and the blessings of your posterity will hallow your memories, when the trees are flourishing. and their planters are dust.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Your letter has reached me here in the midst of my vacation ramble. Pray thank your boys heartily for me for their kind thought of planting a tree to be known by my name, in the Author's Grove.

As for choosing the sort I am rather at a loss, as I don't the least know what the soil is or what are the trees which thrive best with you. If it is an oak country, I will name that tree which is commonly supposed (on what grounds I am not aware) to be somehow connected with the British constitution. But if yours is not an oak country, let it be either a horse-chestnut or a lime, both of which are prime favorites with me. I am glad to hear that your boys are taking up arboriculture as a study.

There is no natural science more interesting or which gives a man a better chance of leaving the world more healthy and beautiful than he found it. —THOS. HUGHES.

To the boys and girls of the public schools:

I hear that I am invited to name the tree that I prefer, and that you will plant it in a grove dedicated to authors whom you like and cherish, and will take care of it, in remembrance of me.

I am, as no doubt you know, an Englishwoman, and there is no tree that I so much love as the peculiar tree of my nation,—the oak; if you like to plant a tree in honor of me, let it be an oak.

But on such occasions, it is perhaps well that you should remember what is really the most valuable possession that English writers have endowed you with—it is not their books—but, alas, it is one that you do not take half enough care of. I mean the English language. It is true that you are descended from many people besides ourselves, Germans, Celts and Northern nations, but your language is to be English. I must need admit that among all those who use this language, either by inheritance, as they do in Australia, Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, etc., etc., or by learning it from policy, as in our great possessions in Asia, or as you do in the United States, there is not one nation so reckless with it as yourselves. I shall never have another opportunity of speaking to you as long as I live, and therefore I will say now, take care of your mother tongue, or else in less than one hundred years the English-speaking nations will not understand one another.

Modern English people cannot understand the poet Chaucer, but it was hundreds of years before that came to pass. If you do not cautiously and carefully alter your ways and mind what you are about, in less than 100 years you will not be be able to read Shakespeare or Milton or any of the great books which we—and at present you—delight in. Now this will be (for I argue about it as if it were a natural fact), because of the disastrous spread of slang and the pleasure taken in all sorts of change for its own sake. I have no time to argue on this point, but if you doubt my word, take up any old-fashioned book, such as Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress or Hamlet, and compare it with any common American magazine or fiction which claims to represent the talk of the day. Mark the new words and slang words in it, especially if it is written for the young, and perhaps you may come round to my opinion.

Well, you meant to pay me a compliment? Thank you, and I think I have scolded you enough. Take what I have said to heart, for the sake of your grandchildren.

I am, Your very sincere and affectionate Friend, JEAN INGELOW.

"Elmwood," Cambridge, April 5, 1891.
Dear Sir:

I sympathize warmly with the gracious object for the furtherance of which Arbor Day was instituted. I have planted many trees and every summer they repay me with an abundant gratitude. There is not a leaf on them, but whispers benediction. I often think of the Scottish farmer's words quoted by Scott—"Be aye stickin' in a tree, Jock, 'twill be growin' while ye're sleepin'." In my childhood I put a nut into the earth, from which sprang a horsechestnut tree whose trunk has now a girth of eight feet, and sustains a vast dome of verdure, the haunt of birds and bees and of thoughts as cheery as they. In planting a tree we lay the foundation of a structure of which the seasons, (without care of ours) shall be the builders, and which shall be a joy to others when we are gone.

I need not say how great a pleasure it is to me that my young friends should decorate my memory with a tree of their planting. I wish I could be with them to throw the first shovelful of earth upon its roots.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Thank you very much for the copy of Mr. Lowell's letter, and thank your daughter for writing it out for me. I have read it with great interest, and it seems to me one of the most charming bits of his correspondence.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

"Trees come close to our life. They are often rooted in our richest feelings and our sweetest memories, like birds, build nests in their branches. I remember the last time that I saw James Russell Lowell, he walked out with me into the quiet garden at Elmwood to say good-bye. There was a great horse-chestnut tree beside the house, towering above the gable and covered with blossoms from base to summit—a pyramid of green supporting a thousand smaller pyramids in white. The poet looked up at it with his gray, pain-furrowed face, and laid his trembling hand upon the trunk, "I planted the nut," said he, "from which this tree grew, and my father was with me and showed me how to plant it."

—HENRY VAN DYKE,
in "Little Rivers."

I can assure you that the horse-chestnut tree is still standing, with a "vast dome of verdure," much vaster than it was in 1891.

MRS. L. B. RANTOUL.
(Mr. Lowell's granddaughter.)

I thank you for your kindness in sending me all the Roosevelt and Lowell enclosures, especially the delightful unpublished letter from Lowell. I shall keep the composite photo of Mr. Roosevelt as a pictorial memento of some of the wonderful attributes of that wonderful spirit.

With every good wish. Believe me,

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

So many thanks to you for your kind thought for writing to me of Lowell's love of nature, of which I had known little, and for sending me those cuttings.

It was a great pleasure to be in America again and to meet so many and such kind Americans.

—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I thank you for the copy of Mr. Lowell's charming letter to you. I shall hope to insert it among his published Letters whenever a new edition of them is desired.

—CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

I thank you for your very kind and interesting letter, as I should have done before, but that it came as I was leaving Arlington with my family, and getting settled here in our seaside summer home. I did not forget it, however, amid all my preoccupations. I am very glad to see the characteristic letter of Lowell's which you took the trouble to copy for me. I too have planted many trees and have on my Arlington place a Norway spruce six feet in girth, set by my own hand in 1867.

What you say of the flourishing "Trowbridge" maple in your Arbor Day grove is especially gratifying. To the schoolchildren who planted it in 1890,—men and women now, and many of them no doubt parents of schoolchildren—please convey my heartfelt greetings.

—JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Many thanks for kindly sending me a copy of Mr. Lowell's interesting letter. I well remember the very fine and handsome horsechestnut tree at Elmwood, and presume it is still flourishing with the elms and oaks, as it was strong and healthy when I last saw it in 1892.

The Recollections of American Authors concluded for the present with Lowell, and I presume the previous ten of the series can be obtained from the publisher of the Book News Monthly. Previous to their appearance I contributed in 1910, similar articles on Oliver Wendell Holmes and T. Buchanan Reid, the latter including a fac-simile of his celebrated "Sheridan's Ride," so that the series of Recollections number thirteen. Should I continue them later, it is possible that they may appear in a volume.

I believe the publishers of the Independent can supply the numbers containing the previous articles concerning famous trees, which attracted much attention when they appeared.

The largest and oldest tree on Manhattan Island, a giant tulip that Henry Hudson may have seen, was honored with a celebration a fortnight ago. While I was speaking a gentle breeze sent down a soft benediction of leaves on those gathered beneath, several falling on my head and in my hand. I send you one of them. I will only add that the ancient tree is alluded to in the Independent with which you were pleased.

—JAMES GRANT WILSON.

You impose on me a difficult task on short notice. If you had asked me to furnish a set of difficult mathematical questions, or to solve some abstruse problems in the Calculus, or to prepare a Mathematical paper, there would be a greater chance of my filling the request. I could write a paper on "tree-planting," if I had a longer notice; but the time is so short, and my hands are so full, that I hardly hope to be able to write anything for you that will be worth reading.

"Plant ye a Tree."

I love flowers, and plants, and trees. I love the beautiful butterflies that dance from flower to flower and sip the nectar from their tiny cups, and the birds that hop from branch to branch among the trees and make the heart glad with their merry songs.

I love the little girls and boys that romp among the flowers, and in the meadows, and along the brooks—as I did when I was a boy many years ago, although I have none of my own.

I love the girls and boys that love flowers and plants, and trees, and butterflies, and birds, and—"whatsoever is beautiful and whatsoever is lovely."

I love the boys and girls who go to school and study their books—as I did not have the opportunity to do when I was a boy.

The institution of Arbor Day was a step in the right direction for the encouragement of the "rising generation" in beautifying their school grounds, by planting trees which will be a source of pride in after years when they are men and women and have gone out into the busy world to take part in the great battle of life.

The little trees planted on this Arbor Day of the year 1888, if a good selection of varieties is made, the work well done, and they are properly cared for as the years go by, will grow to be sturdy specimens of the primeval forest, affording an invigorating shade to the book-weary student in mid-summer, and a welcome shelter to the silver-throated feathered warblers from the noon-day sun.

I highly appreciate the great honor you do me in giving my name to one of the trees planted on this occasion, and I hope that the planters may live to see it grow to be a "monarch of the forest," and may be granted long lives of usefulness and happiness.

From the beautiful city of Washington, with its numerous parks, filled with shrubs and flowers, and its spacious streets lined with trees, I send you my greeting on this Arbor Day, and hope all the pupils of the schools of Bath, will, with willing hearts, lend helping hands to plant the trees that will make their school grounds in the future "things of beauty and joys forever."

—ARTEMAS MARTIN.

I have been away in the north of the State, in the deep, dark woods of Mount Shasta for a month, where no letters ever come. I am only now returned and hasten to thank you for the compliment. And I can only thank you now, for my work is in a heap before me. But next time I may do better.

* * *

O. K. Go ahead; use what you like of my Arbor Day poem, and where. It was read at the first festival of tree-planting, in 1887, at Yerba Buena, California. God bless the trees.

Against our golden orient dawns
We lift a living light today,
That shall outshine the splendid bronze
That lords and lights the lesser bay.

Sweet Paradise was sown with trees.
Thy very name, lorn Nazareth,
Means woods, means sense of birds and bees
And song of leaves with lisping breath.

God gave us mother earth, full blest
With robes of green in healthful fold;
We tore the green robes from her breast!
We sold our mother's robes for gold!

We sold her garments fair, and she
Lies shamed and naked at our feet!
In penitence we plant a tree;
We plant the cross and count it meet.

For this, where Balboa's waters toss,
Here in this glorious Spanish bay,
We plant the cross, the Christian cross,
The Crusade Cross of Arbor Day.

—JOAQUIN MILLER

I am greatly obliged to the pupils of the public schools of Bath for their kind intention of planting a tree on the school grounds and naming it after me. I would not desire a pleasanter memento.

Arbor Day will be a most useful as well as pleasant festival, if it helps to teach our young people the value of our forests and the necessity of providing against their destruction. If for example, the forests about the head waters of the Susquehanna were entirely destroyed, the consequences would be deplorable to all those living along its course. Their fields would be flooded by freshets in spring, which would then rapidly subside, and leave the river in some parts almost dry.

—FRANCIS PARKMAN.

In your note referring to the services contemplated on Arbor Day, you have appropriately alluded to the name of Governor George Wolf. He honorably served his county, state and country. But that which has indelibly impressed his name upon history is his successful advocacy of the system of popular education. Against all prejudices and in the face of many difficulties, he realized in 1834 the enactment of Legislation that put in motion the system of common school education. This system has been developed with the growth of years until Pennsylvania ranks with any of her sister states.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of education in a Republic. Mr. Edward Everett, declared more than fifty years ago,—"In the United States, where the people are not only in theory a source of power, but in practice are actually called upon constantly to take an efficient part in constituting and administering the government, it is plain that education is universally and indispensably necessary to enable them to exercise their rights and perform their duties."

This should be repeated with emphasis today. Let us then pledge ourselves to the promotion and development of that system of common school education so wisely inaugurated by Governor George Wolf.

—ROBT. E. PATTISON.

I am happy to acknowledge your letter of January 25, apprising me that the scholars of Bath, Penna., propose to plant a tree in my name, on the next Arbor Day. Will you assure them that I appreciate the honor they design for me, and that it is my hope that the tree under their continued watchful care may thrive and become in the future all they could desire; so that in distant years silver-haired patriots may come and sit under its shadow, and tell their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren the story of its planting and speak kindly of the name they impressed upon it. This is a new distinction in

my experience, joining nature and patriotism in one. In a rural cemetery of Chicago there is a soldiers' lot, on which an iron vase is placed, called the S. F. Smith vase, inscribed on one side, in solid iron, the first verse of the hymn "My Country." The vase is dead, though in summer it is kept filled with flowers. Your tree ever lives, as the patriotic spirit should live and increase. Two years ago, I visited a cave in Manitou, Colorado, ornamented within, half a mile from its mouth, by stalactites, pendent from the ceiling. Several of these stalactites gave all the sounds of the gamut. The guide, by striking those stalactites with a billet of wood, in the right succession, played the melody, "My country, 'tis of thee,"—as he said "on Nature's own organ."

The sound died away but can come again, when it is properly roused. Let your patriotism, if sometimes tranquillized into silence, be ever ready to be roused at once at your country's call. "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance," said the old statesman.

Be you ever watchful. God bless you all.

—S. F. SMITH.

I thank you for your letter of October 23rd, and its gratifying contents. I am pleased with the spirit and enthusiasm of your pupils, and very happy to have my memory perpetuated. A sage palm which I planted also bears my name in Nellore in South Eastern India. Success to my maple and to those who planted it.

I think, next to the maple (rock maple), I admire the Beech, celebrated in the first line of the first Eclogue of Virgil. There is a magnificent blood beech in the Campus of Oxford University in England, the largest I ever saw. If you plant another in my name, let it be a blood beech, if accessible; if not a common beech.

I send on the accompanying sheet a song for Tree Planting Day. It was written last April, and if you like it, you can keep it in your portfolio till next tree-planting festival. It may add interest to your ceremony.

—S. F. SMITH.

The hymn, you will see at once, is suited to the tune "America."

Joy for the sturdy trees,
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
  Lovely they stand.
The song-birds o'er them trill;
They shade each tinkling rill;
They crown each swelling hill,
  Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant, where the children play
  And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale;
Whether to grow, or fail,
  God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair;
Plant them with earnest care,—
  No toil is vain;
Plant in a fitter place,
Where like a lovely face
Set in some sweeter grace,
  Change may prove gain.

God will His blessing send,
All things on Him depend,—
  His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower,
Like ivy to its tower,
His presence and His power
  Are everywhere.

—S. F. SMITH.

Altho I have arrived at the ripe age of 77—yet I am still interested in the feelings and enjoyments of young people.

I fear that it will be too late, to hope for you receiving this note on Arbor Day, yet it will not be too late to return my thanks for the kindly intentions manifested in planting a tree for me.

Please give my warm regards to all the young people interested.

—H. B. STOWE.

Your note of October 23rd was duly received. I am happy to hear that the tree, planted in my honor, and named for me, by the pupils of the public school is growing so nicely and doing so well.

In response to your question as to my favorite tree, I would say our graceful New England Elm is my favorite Northern tree and the orange tree my favorite among Southern trees.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

In reply to your letter of the 4th instant, I beg leave to advise you that my favorite tree is the oak. I am pleased to learn that the pupils of the Bath public schools have arranged a program for the celebration of Arbor Day, on April 24th, next. Arbor Day gives the children an opportunity to assume the first responsibilities of citizenship.

It is not enough to plant a tree. The pupils of your schools should give their intelligent care to the trees after they are planted. It is constancy to any undertaking that insures its success. The appropriate exercises arranged to be held in your schools will tend to impress the significance of the day upon the minds of the rising generation.

—EDWIN S. STUART

Our prosaic era has originated at least one festival, which, with beautiful uses, combines the charm of poetic association—that of Arbor Day; and I am happy to send a greeting for your forthcoming celebration of it. I have all my life been an ardent lover of trees, and I esteem it an honor to have my name given to one planted by your school. May it thrive and be of long life and keep that name more faithfully than the birch tree did the initials I carved upon it in my boyhood. In a poem, "The name in the Bark," I some years ago described that early attempt to confide my memory to a tree, and the feelings with which I return to it later in life:

"I came, remembering well,
How my little shadow fell
As I painfully reach and wrote, to leave to the future a sign;
There, stooping a little, I found,
A half healed, curious round,
An ancient scar in the bark, but no initial of mine!"

"Then the wise old boughs overhead
Took counsel together, and said,—
And the buzz of their leafy lips like a murmur of prophecy passed,—
He is busily carving a name
In the tough old wrinkles of fame,
But, cut he as deep as he may, the lines will close out at last."

Such is earthly fame; and the older we grow, the less we care for the illusive phantom. So without any thought of associating anything so transitory as my name with the future of your Trowbridge tree, let me thank you for the honor you have done me. I ask for the benediction of centuries of suns and rains and dews upon your newly planted groves.

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I am glad to get good news of the "Trowbridge Tree," with samples of its beautiful foliage, and to be reminded that I have so graceful a monument in your Arbor Day grove, and also in the hearts (let me trust) of the school children of the borough. Please accept for yourself and them my grateful acknowledgments of the compliment and the reminder.

—JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

I am very sensible of the honor conferred upon me by the pupils of the Bath Public Schools in naming for me a tree they plant on Arbor Day. No recognition could be more grateful to a writer from the young than this.

This custom on Arbor Day is both graceful and useful, — and graceful things are almost always useful. In our early days of clearing the continent, the destruction of trees was to

some extent a necessity and regarded as a merit. In our day it is evident that construction is better than destruction, and that the restoration to the landscape is a contribution both to beauty and economy.

It is well that the school children should be forward in this, because it teaches them what they can do by united actions, and it adds another fete day to our calendar, which has few enough holidays. But the exercises of Arbor Day may be commended for other reasons than that of increasing the forests. It is a lesson in unselfishness, or what is called altruism —doing something for others. They are learning in their generation to do something for the generation which is to follow them. The fathers were perhaps tree destroyers. Their children will rise up and call them blessed as tree restorers.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes told me the other day that he always takes off his hat before a noble tree. I take off my hat to the young tree-planters of Bath, and wish them God-speed and all prosperity.

—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Your gratifying letter was received by me last evening. I wish to lose no time in expressing to you my sense of the kindness and honor you are doing me, and my pleasure in thinking that by giving my name to one of the trees of your planting, you and your pupils are so associating your thought of me with a living, growing thing. It is this, in my mind, that gives beauty and value to the proposed act, and that will make me glad in remembering it. I should like to think that it may be a sign that something may have come to these young people through my instrumentality, which shall also live and grow, and become fair and strong and upward reaching; as much beyond the mere little originating seed in its benefaction, as the grand, tall, sheltering tree is beyond the small natural seed from which it sprang.

And when I know that you are doing this for me, I shall feel that I am brought into near fellowship with a company of friends, and be very grateful that my work, done in quietness and far off, has found sympathy, and brought me back such answer of reward.

—ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

I have had it in mind to write you, ever since receiving the copy of the Easton Argus of April 29th, containing an account of the tree-planting by the schools on Arbor Day. I wish to thank you, and through you my kind friends, the scholars of Bath, for the honor done me in giving my name to a tree, thus making a beautiful living record of the kindness and esteem in which they are pleased to hold me.

It gives me a very peculiar pleasure that such a thing has been done in token of my work; for it is, indeed, a living mark that I would desire to make. To set forth something that shall grow,—that shall have strength and beauty in it, unfolding and increasing far beyond any original thought or work of the author's self,—this is the mission and the multiplying blesing that one who labors conscientiously must welcome and desire. I am sure, from the recognition and sympathy that come to me because I represent them, that Faith Gartney and Leslie Goldthwaite and Hope Devine and Hard Ripwinkley and all the other girls whose images have grown in my stories, have their kindred, and their reality, in many a young heart and life which simply find their own in what has seemed beautiful to me and worth writing about in girl character. Please tell them all that I am glad to know of them, and to think that we all "know the muffin man," and so have a link between us, whether we ever see each other's faces or not.

And for their elders, I can but express my warm gratitude and appreciation of their testified regard, and beg you, Sir, to believe me, with my sincere acknowledgment and earnest good wishes for your own work.

—ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

It is very pleasant to be remembered by the pupils of thy school in such an agreeable manner. I could not wish a better memorial than their planted tree. With thanks and good wishes, I am their, and their teacher's friend.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

TREE LETTERS

I must claim your indulgence if I reply to your letter that I cannot do what you suggest. I have refused scores of requests of a similar tenor, and should give umbrage if I made any exception.

—ALFRED AUSTIN

Your note pleased me very much, and I was particularly interested in the paragraph relating to the favorite trees of distinguished men. That the President's (Roosevelt's) choice is the hickory is quite appropriate, and I am glad to know just what the Big Stick is probably made of — I knew it was a shillalah of powerful attributes.

The pine is my favorite tree.

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

It is only on very general lines, I think, that we can determine Shakespeare's preference for anything.

He mentions the oak most frequently, but mainly as a symbol; the pine and the apple next, but no beech, maple or poplar.

On my own grounds, I have planted more oaks than any other tree, having had at one time ten or a dozen varieties, from which my preference may possibly be inferred.

—HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Concerning your inquiry about my preference in the matter of forest trees, I consider the American elm the most graceful and majestic, and the maple the most practical for foliage and shade.

—HOMER GREENE

It is rather difficult for me to tell you what tree I prefer, for I love them all. Nevertheless, if I must absolutely choose among those which I love best, I would say that they are the beech, the linden, the cypress, and the orange tree. Kindly accept the assurance of my best regards.

—MAETERLINCK

Abbey de St. Wandrille.

Mr. Markham's most loved tree is the oak. Mine is the birch.

—MRS. EDWIN MARKHAM

I thank you for your fine letter, but in reply I can't tell which of all God's trees I like best, though I should write a big book trying to. Sightseers often ask me which is best, the Grand Canon of Arizona or Yosemite. I always reply that I know a show better than either of them — both of them. Anglo-Saxon folk have inherited love for oaks and heather. Of all I know of the world's two hundred and fifty oaks perhaps I like best the macrocarpa, chrysolepis, lobata Virginiana, agrifolia and Michauxii.

Of the little heather folk my favorite is Cassiope. Of the trees of the family the Menzies arbutus, one of the world's great trees.

The Hickory is a favorite genus. I like them all, the pecan the best. Of flower trees Magnolia and Liriodendron and the wonderful Baobab. Of conifers sequoia gigantea the noblest of the whole noble race, — and Sugar Pine king of pines, — and silver firs especially magnifica. The grand larch

forests of the upper Missouri and of Manchuria and the glorious deodars of the Himalaya, Arancarias of Brazil and Chile and Australia. The wonderful eucalyptus two hundred species, the New Zealand Metrosideros and Agathis, the magnificent eriodendron of the Amazon, and the palm and tree fern and tree-grass forests, and in our own country the delightful Linden and oxydendron and maples, and so on without end.

I may as well stop here as anywhere. Wishing you good times in God's woods.

—JOHN MUIR

I do not think I have a favorite forest tree, for I like them all.

—C. S. SARGENT

My own love of trees has been a great pleasure to me and goes back to the grand old dusky, overshadowing cypress at Holiday's Point, where I was born. It, with the old house, was burned long ago, but a vivid picture of it remains a permanent possession in my memory and has made the cypress my most loved tree, among a whole forest of dear and beautiful treasures. Just now I am looking at some stately winter trees stretching gray arms out to a turquoise sky and wondering if they could possibly be more beautiful in the springtime robed in verdure, with the soft breezes playing through them and brids singing in their leafy branches, or in autumn, garbed in crimson and gold. They are most exquisite at all times and we cannot love them any more in one season than another.

It is so with my love of flowers, which goes out to every sweet and loved blossom, but I think the carnation is dearest of all because it was my Soldier's flower; he called it the badge of courage because it bloomed so bravely and lived so long after it was broken from its plant.

—LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT

Each tree has its own so special and specific charm, that I know not how to choose. In one part of the country, one tree; in another — another tree holds sway over the fancy. A Lombardy poplar in my childhood used to dominate my imagination.

—EDITH M. THOMAS

"Letters are only the mirror of the heart."

—DR. JOHNSON

FLOWER LETTERS

Sweet peas, morning-glory, periwinkle, locust, for me.

—GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Mrs. Mary Austin has no favorite flower, though she has expressed herself as most bound by association to the flowers of the California desert; especially the wild almond, (prunus Andersoni) described in her "Land of Little Rain" and the "sagebrush" (Artemissa tridentata). Mrs. Austin has a wild garden at her place in Carmel, in which every species of wild flower has been induced to grow. and plants collected by her from places she has visited and associated with interesting events in her life.

The above mentioned two plants have a place there as reminders of the desert, and she has recently added an acanthus from the gardens of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, given her by the Exposition authorities to commemorate her successful attempt, the first in the history of expositions, to give the drama a footing among other exhibitions.

—H. P., for MARY AUSTIN.

I love the Mountain Bluebell, the Broom and the Heather, among wild flowers;—among garden flowers, the Rose, the Wallflower and the Pansy. But I never cut or gather a flower to die slowly on my breast or in my house. It is, and ever was my way, to let all flowers live freely and all die.

"Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart
Unto their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the Rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its banks
And not reproached me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe—unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."—Landor

—AMELIA E. BARR

It would be hard for me to name one flower as my favorite. Like the world in general, however, I should place first, lilies and roses; surely, I have written of those, more than of other flowers. Close to those, in my choice, are the exquisite heliotrope, carnations, violets and pansies.

—CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES

As to my own preferences, I love all flowers, particularly those of wild growth. Sometimes I think a wild rose is the most beautiful flower that grows; at other times I think it is the violet; but more often I think it is the wonderful beauty, purity and fragrance of the lily-of-the-valley that holds me. I think our favorite depends upon our mood at the time, and it may be that the lily-of-the-valley appeals to me more often than others. Still, there is the wonderful architectural beauty of the mountain laurel and of the columbine. And so it goes: one flower more beautiful than the other.

—EDWARD BOK

It is impossible for me to name my favorite flower, for I have none. But I think the most useful flower is either the rose or carnation.

—LUTHER BURBANK

To try to name one's favorite flower is like trying to name one's favorite friend or favorite child. There are many of them. I suppose the flower that I am most eager to see in the spring is the arbutus, though it was not a flower of my boyhood. The flower along mountain streams that I like best to see is the bee balm, or Oswego Tea. The swamp flower that I go farthest to see is the showy lady slipper, Cypripedium spectabile.

—JOHN BURROUGHS

Among flowers, I love the wild posies of my California the best of all. Of these, I believe my supreme favorite is the calochortus. The petals form an airy hanging globe varying in color from cream to yellow. Apparently of exquisite fragility, it will endure adverse conditions of growth and will bear transportation as most wild flowers do not. With stems in water, the blossoms will last a week or longer. Hence it has always seemed to me a symbol of spirituality—a flower with a soul, just like a human being of slight body but strong spirit.

—AMANDA MATTHEWS CHASE

My favorite above all others is the Lily-of-the-valley.

—INA D. COOLBRITH

My favorite flower is our state flower, the Oregon grape, a kind of holly that bears a fruit resembling the wild grape of our eastern states. The pioneer mothers made pies of this barberry (as it really is) and named it the Oregon grape.

The popularity of this, our state emblem, may be surmised from the enclosed poem that is sung in all our schools. The very name or sight of Oregon grape brings memories of eventful days.

Next to the Oregon grape of course comes our famous rose—"The whole world knows the Portland rose," in whose honor an entire week in June is given up to the Rose Show, a festival that attracts thousands to our state.

Our peculiar moist climate, tempered by the Japan current, is especially favorable to rose culture, that is here brought to great perfection. Portland, Oregon City, and many other towns have miles of parking planted with rose hedges that bloom more or less the year round.

As you perhaps know, in western Oregon the grass is ever green and this brightened with roses even in winter, always strikes strangers with astonishment. Once in several years we may have snow in winter-time, but even through it I have seen the roses bloom. This description applies to all western Oregon and the Willamette valley. East of the Cascade range the climate is more severe.

* * *

THE OREGON GRAPE
(The State Flower)

Sing ho, heigh ho, for the Oregon grape,
Heigh ho for the Oregon holly,
Her beauty blooms through all our rooms
On every day that's jolly,—
Her gay leaves tell of wedding bell,
And glad Thanksgiving Day,
Of Christmas chime and New Year's time,
And merry first of May.

In winter snow or summer glow,
Her green leaves laugh as fair,
Her lustrous smile the days beguile
When rain-clouds fill the air;
She crowns our dead when life is sped,
She wreathes the bridal hall,
The day of birth, the day of mirth,
She garlands first of all.

At sweet sixteen her luster sheen
With lights and music vie;
Commencement days reflect her rays
Above each earnest eye.
Then ho, heigh ho, for the Oregon grape,
Our brilliant winter bloom,
Her subtle spell enveileth well
The bridal or the tomb.

—EVA EMERY DYE

To one who loves all flowers, and even the green grass blades, it is hard to name any particular flower as a favorite.

But I may say that the lily-of-the-valley has a warm place in my affections, — also violets, and white carnations; and of course the queen of all flowers the rose in all varieties.

—MARIETTA HOLLEY

My favorite flowers are Narcissus (Poeticus) and blue Larkspur. I like the waxy whiteness of the narcissus with its bit of red in the center, and its delicate fragrance; and the clear blue of the Larkspur, and its stately dignified habit.

—JENNIE HORNER

I am glad that you are going to publish a book which must stimulate in people a deeper love of nature and its wonders. I, too, find an unfailing source of joy and inspiration in the woods and hills. For many years, whenever the difficulties of life have perplexed or saddened me, I have gone forth "into the light of things," and let nature be my teacher.

When I was a child, I studied mostly out-of-doors, so that my earliest lessons were full of sunshine; earth, sky and ocean were my first books, and now, after the thought-benumbing roar and unrest of the city, I always return to them for renewed peace. So, in a peculiar sense, I feel kith and kin to everything that grows. How often my mind has opened to a new

truth as I have watched the folded green plants open their crinkled leaves! And how my heart expands with a new capacity for hope when I touch the buds that are prophecies of flower and fruit!

Yes, I think there are glories in nature that we can know fully only through touch. What is more wonderful than the indefinable grace, softness and cool freshness of a flower in one's hand, or the endless changes of the wind in one's face.

All flowers are dear to me; but there are several which give me special happiness. The rose seems bound up with all that is sweetest and most intimate in my life. It symbolizes the kindness that has ever followed me. Thousands of friendly hands have strewn my journeyings from one end of the country to the other with roses. Then the rose has endness variety in its form, fragrance and growth.

But I also love the lily-of-the-valley with its wonderful sweetness and its delicate, pendent bells. I cherish the violet and the trailing arbutus because they speak to my heart of the joyous spring days I knew as a child—days sweet and long, days glorious with new discoveries in the realm of nature. I never smell the arbutus without thinking of a beautiful moth that I had one spring. I watched it coming out of its cocoon and drying its silky wings. Then I placed it on a great bunch of mayflowers, and there it lived its little life fearless and happy.

I thank you for this opportunity to pay my tribute to the precious, revivifying influences of nature.

—HELEN KELLER

I want to say that I love best of all flowers the California Poppy—not only because I was born in California, but because of the great beauty of the blossom. To me a grassy hillside blowing with golden poppies is the most beautiful floral sight in the world.

—JACK LONDON

I should say that my favorite flower is the arbutus. I think this is mainly so because I was born among the Pennsylvania hills, and the arbutus was one of the first objects to arouse my sense of beauty and sweetness.

—GRACE SARTWELL MASON

All my life, I think I have loved the Primrose (Cup and Saucer) and Myosotis (Forget-me-not). They are both hardy, particularly the Primrose, one of the first to bloom in the spring. And both are beautiful little flowers.

—SALLIE A. McCLURE

The flowers of the High Sierras I like best, are Cassiope and Bryanthus. Of tree flowers Magnolia grandiflora and the African Baobab (Adansonia digitata) are favorites. But I have so many others on all the continents, I am unable to name them in a letter or in hundreds of letters. They come thronging about me in such loving multitudes, a score of volumes could not hold them all.

—JOHN MUIR

My wife says the American beauty rose and the hollyhock are the only flowers I know and can identify with certainty. Some of the new roses seem to me very beautiful, but I never remember the names.

—MEREDITH NICHOLSON

As to my favorite flower—I think it is the Rose. Because—

It is equally beautiful in its wild and its cultivated form.

It has more variety than any other flower, both in tint and shape, and fragrance.

Because it is a more constant bloomer.

Because it surrounded my home in childhood.

Because I have cultivated it more than any other flower.

Because its fragrance is more enduring than that of other flowers.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
The scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Because I have written more verses about it than I have of any other flower.

Because it flourishes best in the South, my native land.

Because a particularly wild rose grows in Alabama, my native state, and this lovely flower is ever green, and is named the Cherokee Rose.

Because it is fragrant even after its petals are withered and brown.

Because it is the most modest of flowers, seldom showing what is in its inmost heart.

Because it climbs toward Heaven while it clings to earth.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

I am unable to select a "favorite" flower—I love them all.

—ELEANOR H. PORTER

Every flower of the garden is dear to me; and when I contemplate trying to say which of the wild I like best I stand aghast. I have walked through my swamp blazing with cardinal flower and Oswego tea, carpeted with euonymus, walled with northern holly; looked over my white collection from grass of Parnassus to starry campion; touched the pink faces of mallow and meadow sweet, and studied blues from harebell to gentian and aster, and the rose-lavenders from water-willow, gerardia and blazing-star to dragon-head and Joe-pye; and through interminable yellows from floating millfoil and lily to foxglove and golden-rod. All these are blooming this sixteenth day of September. From them my mind runs back over mid-summer bloom, to the slippers and moccasins and the ragged and fringed beauties in the orchid bed, and on back to the dainty pale faces of spring.

There comes to me Dr. Young's picture of John Muir on his knees before them, crying—"Ah! my blue-eyed darlin', little did I think to see you here."

"And who might you be, with your wonder look? You are lost, my dear, you belong in Tennessee."

"Aha! I thought I'd find you, my little sweetheart."

And after spending so much of my life as I have lived in daily companionship wtih them, you ask me to tell which one I like best!

—GENE STRATTON PORTER

Favorite flower:—
XX family flour.
Favorite tree:—
I like yew.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

You ask my favorite flowers—here they are:
Violets.

Ah, violets that lie upon her breast
In such contented wise,
I envy you your blissful bourn of rest
Beneath the tender violet of her eyes.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD

When I was a child jonquils were my favorite flowers. They were the first to bloom in the old gardens at "The Shelter" in Gloucester county, Virginia, and I used to watch for the first jonquil with the utmost interest. When the violets came I was equally delighted, and the odor of lilies of the valley and lilacs, bring back to me my childhood as nothing else can. In the old garden was a white lilac—it was not very common, and I thought it a wonderful rarity.

I never cared much for annuals. They seemed to me so inconstant—they would never grow and bloom of themselves. The perennials were what I loved. I loved the old-fashioned chrysanthemums,—not the huge things that look like Paderewski's head, but the odorous, hardy ones that

grow in a country garden. My mother's colored maid Arena, a sort of factotum in the family, loved them too and called them "Sanfimor." I always think of good old Arena when I see "Sanfimor."

In flowers without scent I care nothing. They are like beings without sentiment.

—MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

I love no favorite flower: I am fond of them all.

—F. D. SHERMAN

Mine is the "orange blossom," and I take it that yours is the thistle.

—GEORGE STERLING

The Bachelor's Button, or Cornflower, because, like Commodore Vanderbilt, who said, when they asked him what color to paint the New York Central freight cars, "Paint them any color you like so long as you paint them red." I have a strong color predilection. I like blue, and of all blues I like best the blue of the Bachelor's button.

—JULIAN STREET

My favorite flower is the lilac. It is the flower of my earliest remembrance, as well as spring's welcome to summer. Its beauty and fragrance ever held a prominent place in my mother's garden of flowers.

—ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

I admire many but I love best the red rose.

—NIXON WATERMAN

A field of buttercups and daisies in June. An American Beauty rose in winter.

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Your question is a difficult one to answer. I think my favorite flower varies with the seasons, and sometimes depends on the costume I am wearing.

In my early youth I chose the red carnation as my favorite flower, but I cannot say that it is my favorite now. The water lily, which is of the lotus family, I like very much, save that it gets too sleepy in the evening to be sociable.

I like different flowers for different moods. I adore yellow roses; that comes as near to being a leading favorite with me as any flower.

The orchid appeals to me strongly, especially the bronze and yellow shade. My only objection to them is their lack of fragrance. A flower without fragrance is like a beautiful woman without a soul.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I cannot say honestly that I have any favorite flower. I am in my regard for the flowers very much as was that famous gentleman who expressed his appreciation of the fair sex in the lines "if woman be pretty to me, it's no matter be she blonde or brunette, so she lets me look at her." From the dandelion to the sunflower, I love them all. I will say, however, that the flowers that grow by the roadside or in the meadows, fields or woodland, are more to me than those of the hot house or garden.

—HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

A FLOWER LOVER'S CREED

I believe in roses, because they are the most perfect flowers that grow.

I believe in the crocus, the snowdrop and the bluebell, because they are brave and usher in the garden year.

I believe in some of the tulips—gesnariana and Picotee—but not in the gaudy Dutch sorts that grow in round beds in parks.

I believe in phlox when it is pure pink or white, but not in the magentas. By the same token I believe in foxgloves.

I believe in the lily of the valley, because it is fragrant and hardy, and loves the shade, likewise the sun.

I believe in cornflowers—sometimes.

I believe in the perennial larkspur, because of the richness of its blue, but the annual larkspur is a weak imitator.

I believe in the race of campanulas, because of their exquisite form and waxy texture.

I believe in the iris, though I have none, for it is a wonderful work of God.

I believe in the homely golden glow, because it blooms so sunnily in the fence corner.

I believe in hollyhocks, because nothing looks so well against an old white house.

I believe in hardy chrysanthemums, because they defy the autumn frosts.

I believe in dahlias, because I can pick them with a clear conscience.

I believe in China asters, because I love their colors.

I believe in morning glories, because they aspire to heaven.

I believe in the California poppy, because it covers with green and gold the bare spots in my bulb and perennial beds.

I believe in the lowly nasturtium, because it gives and asks not, from June to November.

I believe in the Shirley poppy, because of its fragile grace.

I believe in the cosmos, because it is the flower of Indian summer.

I believe in the lilac, weigelia and syringa, because they love old dooryards.

I believe in flowers to the depth of my being, because they exist for beauty, and are perfect, complete things. They are generous and innocent and I can help them to grow. If there are no flowers in heaven, I fear eternity will find me casting a backward glance of regret at my earthly backyard.

—WALTER A. DYER

THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL FOR THE STATE FLOWER.

By Asa K. McIlhaney.

At the 1913 session of the Pennsylvania State Legislature a number of flowers were proposed for adoption as the state flower. The daisy, violet, lilac and arbutus had their friends and the merits of each flower were considered. A bill was finally passed in which the daisy was accepted. This, however, was vetoed by Governor Tener with the comment that "he did not believe sentiment had crystallized in favor of the adoption of the daisy as the state emblem."

As Pennsylvania is one of the eight states of the United States which, up to the present time, have failed to adopt some form of floral emblem, Hon. Frederick E. Geiser, a representative from Northampton county, introduced a bill at the convening of the General Assembly in January, 1915, designating the mountain laurel (Kalmia latifolia) as the state flower.

Visit the Pennsylvania mountains in the leafy month of June, when the laurel is in its glory, where the masses of its pink and white blossoms set among the dark evergreen leaves "flush the landscape like Aurora and are reflected from the pools of streams and the serene depths of mountain lakes." Peter Kalm, the Swedish traveler, botanist and pupil of Linnaeus, traveled through Pennsylvania in 1749 and was more impressed by the beauty of the mountain laurel than that of any other flower.

The master named the plant in honor of his pupil—perpetuating his name for all time among those who have learned to know and love Botany and Astronomy, and to look to God through flowers and stars.

It is a member of the heath family and in consequence a relative to the rhododendron, azalea and trailing arbutus. There is a tiny, scrawny New England variety which inspired Emerson to write:—

"Rhodora! If the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

What would the Sage of Concord have written had he seen the laurel on our mountain sides!

It possesses patriotic associations, for it was the chief decorative element in the splendid arches through which George Washington rode to his inauguration at New York as the first President of the United States. It crowned victors in the ancient games of Apollo, which were given of old for academic honors, and it has come to be the commonly accepted symbol of honors of every kind.

This flower should be protected by legislation for it is being stripped from its native hills in wholesale quantities by collectors who sell them and also by greedy persons who "can't stop picking because they are so beautiful." Crown Pennsylvania with the Laurel. It is fitting and appropriate, indigenous to our soil and possesses strength and thriftiness.

"O vestal of the wilderness!
No other growth of Beauty's loom
Hath living emblem like thy dress,
So rich of leaf, so rare of bloom."

The writer received the following endorsements from representative Pennsylvanians, showing that "sentiment has crystallized" and that there is a universal demand for the adoption of the mountain laurel.

AMERICAN CIVIC ASSOCIATION

Office of the President.
Harrisburg, Pa.

I have yours of November 28th in reference to the state flower matter. It seems to me that the action of the last Legislature in passing a bill making the daisy the state flower was both ill advised and silly. A common international weed is in no sense proper to be named as a state flower.

For Pennsylvania there can be but one proper state flower, and that is the one which has occurred to you as the right one; namely, the mountain laurel, or Kalmia latifolia.

Many years ago I joined with Mr. Henry Turner Bailey in his desire to have the laurel made the national flower, in which endeavor I hope he will succeed. Meanwhile, as Pennsylvania is favored above most states in having hillsides covered with this superb broad-leaved evergreen, it would be very appropriate if the state adopted the laurel as the state flower.

Care ought to be taken in advocating the matter that the laurel is not called out of its name. There is another plant entirely which is properly a laurel, and where attempts are made to push the matter in the legal way there ought always to be mentioned the botanical name of the flower.

—J. HORACE McFARLAND

To Prof. Charles K. Meschter, author of Delaware Water Gap Lyrics, we are also indebted for this beautiful poem.

THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL

Charles K. Meschter, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of English in Lehigh University.

Thy cheering hardy life is made
Where thunders grandly cannonade;
Thy sanctified affections are
For mountain, rock, and sun, and star.

Thou lavishest thy pink and white
Where eagles mount for sovereign flight,
And drap'st in color-wonderments
Our cloud-grazed mountain-monuments.

With vast deep drifts of summer snow
Thou mak'st God's highlands glint and glow,
And deck'st them in the tint of dawn
For gladdened souls to wander on.

Thy wreaths of leaves with gorgeous sheen
Are choicest crowns for king and queen;
Thy ten tongues utter fervent prayer
For freedom, in thy incense-air.

Thou cast'st o'er us a wondrous spell
Like some remote and sweet-toned bell.
Companion of the earth and sun,
The deeds of gods thou hast seen done!

As if the nation's sentinel,
Thou sweep'st from thy high citadel
The mountains, prairies, and the sea—
This continent of liberty.

Broad and Chestnut Sts.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I do not feel quite prepared to say what flower ought to be selected as a representative of the State. To a certain extent I may express an opinion. It ought to be something rugged and strong rather than merely delicate and attractive, and therefore I should much prefer the mountain laurel to the daisy.

The lilac ought to be rejected because it is an importation from the far East. It appears to me that the mountain laurel would do very well.

—SAM'L W. PENNYPACKER

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145 West 58th St., New York.

I unhesitatingly express my preference for the mountain laurel.

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Harrisburg, Pa.

I consider the mountain laurel an appropriate flower for the state of Pennsylvania.

—ELSIE SINGMASTER LEWARS

Pasadena, Cal., Sept. 26.

Thanks for your letter of the 15th. I quite agree with Governor Tener. The daisy is too commonplace an emblem for such a splendid, beautiful, glorious state as Pennsylvania. I vote for the mountain laurel. Excuse the brevity of my reply. But I am very ill, and the pen is a heavy burden to me.

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Princeton, N. J., Jan. 4, 1913.

Thank you very much for your delightful letter which has given me so much pleasure in the reading. I have, indeed, been much interested in the subject of our "National Flower." If we can deliberately choose one, I do not see how we could make a more charming selection than the mountain laurel. It is certainly one of my favorite flowers.

With best wishes for the New Year, I am, very cordially,

—ELLEN A. WILSON

Ashbourne, Pa.

I am for the Laurel.

—JOHN LUTHER LONG

College Park, Lynchburg, Va.

Your letter addressed to me at Renovo, Pa., was forwarded to the Virginia address where I am staying for a few months. I most heartily join you in your efforts to make the mountain laurel our state flower.

It is purely American; may decorate the bier of a hero; or the church for a bride. It suggests dignity, beauty, strength.

—JEAN K. BAIRD

FROM PENNSYLVANIA'S FIRST COMMISSIONER OF FORESTRY.

West Chester, Pa.

"There seems to be abundant warrant for the adoption of state and national emblems. France has her fleur-de-lis (the iris); Scotland her thistle; Canada the maple leaf, and more than once each has been an inspiration to the people. There are, however, certain features which should be recognized in the selection: First, the emblem should be attractive; Second, it should be common and conspicuous; Third, it should be native and attain its best development in the region where it is adopted; Fourth, it is all the better, though not essential, that it should be useful.

The mountain laurel (Kalmia latifolia) abundantly meets the first three conditions, and by growing on poor, steep hillsides and forming a soil cover and protection against soil wash, renders an important practical service. It has, however, the additional significance that it is peculiar to the mountain ranges of the Atlantic slope. It is the type of hardiness. Its leaf resembles the laurel with which the ancient Greeks crowned their public benefactors. And it is evergreen, summer and winter it is with us, flowers in June and wreaths for Christmas. On the other hand, the daisy is not a native; it is introduced; beautiful enough, but so common that it ranks among our noxious weeds. The violet is beautiful and native, but it is small and widely spread over the whole country, and in no sense peculiar to our portion. The lilac is introduced from Europe, and is not even so expensively naturalized as to be commonly found in a wild state. The arbutus we all love, but it is difficult to transplant and is becoming extinct in the very parts of the state where it is most appreciated. Moreover, New England has christened it the "Mayflower" and the "Pilgrim's Flower" and so, to a certain extent, established a prior lien upon it, and it is already the National flower of Nova Scotia.

I do not regard the selection of a state emblem as a slight matter. On the contrary, it may become a thing of great importance, because sentiment often determines the destinies of nations. If I had the controlling vote, I would give it in favor of the Mountain Laurel.

For a National emblem I would select the Indian corn.

—J. T. ROTHROCK

UNITED STATES SENATE,
COMMITTEE ON CANADIAN RELATIONS.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I am just in receipt of your favor of November 17th. I have never given much thought to the matter you mention but at first blush your suggestion seems to me rather appropriate. If on further consideration I adhere to this opinion, which is probable, I will be very glad to assist you in every possible way.

—GEORGE T. OLIVER

From the "POET OF THE SUSQUEHANNA."

Columbia, Penna.

In reply to your letter of May 7th, asking my opinion concerning the selection of a "State Flower,"—I am decidedly in favor of the Mountain Laurel—the Kalmia. Aside from the very remarkable beauty of its flowers, the artistically grouped leaves lend themselves admirably to design and to decoration. Both the flower and the leaf appeal strongly to the designer, the sculptor and the artist.

The lilac and the violet are not particularly identified with our region; the golden-rod is looked upon by the farming element as a weed; the arbutus is too lowly a growth to symbolize our Empire-like state; and the daisy, from the rural view-point, is pestiferous.

But the Laurel! The iron of the Pennsylvania hills has entered into its blood, for it defies the javelins of Boreas, and welcomes with its arms the snows. The grasses wither and die; the oak leaves fall; but the leaves of the laurel are eternally green. It is immortal. When viewed in the spring, flooring the forest with the rosy mantle of its bloom, where is there in the world a sight more entrancing? It is then that the Laurel becomes the Dryad of our woods. And this beauteous Daughter of our soil we must not only protect, but adopt.

Let the astral beauty of her flowers, and the dark splendor of her leaves become the emblem of our state.

—LLOYD MIFFLIN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Replying to your note of some weeks ago, it gives me pleasure to assure

you that I heartily agree with you in your championship of the Mountain Laurel's claim to consideration as the state flower. I wish you all success.

—T. A. DALY

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381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Some time ago you wrote me about the campaign you are carrying on in favor of the mountain laurel, as the state flower of Pennsylvania. I am entirely with you. I hope you will succeed.

—IDA M. TARBELL

Harrisburg, Pa.

You express my sentiments exactly in what you say of the mountain laurel. Our laurel-covered mountains are a revelation most startling and entrancing to those who see them for the first time, and surely there is no flower that could be more appropriate as the flower of our state. I earnestly hope you may succeed in your efforts.

—HELEN R. MARTIN

1004 West End Trust Building,
Philadelphia.

Absence has occasioned my delay in replying to your note of September 19th, which I have just read.

The question of a state flower is an interesting one upon which I have had an opinion for some time. I cannot share the view of those who would make this flower the daisy.

In the first place, tradition has identified a flower of the same name, though not quite of the same appearance, with England. The English daisy is as famous as the English nightingale, and neither of them is in this country. To adopt a flower identified with another country would be to dull and impair its typical application to our own state. If we had in this state a wild flower which was very beautiful and which grew nowhere else, it would be my choice. As we have not, and as the mountain laurel is much identified with Pennsylvania, and is certainly unsurpassed in beauty by any other flower that grows wild, I have long wished this might become the state flower.

I may add there is also some danger of ridicule in adopting the daisy, but this view may not appeal to such people who are lacking in a sense of humor.

—OWEN WISTER

The Ladies' Home Journal,
Philadelphia.

Frankly, I don't believe in each state having a separate emblematic flower, for I think we should strive for a national flower. But if Pennsylvania is going to have a flower of its own, then you are quite right in choosing the Kalmia, for that and the dogwood unquestionably grow better in Pennsylvania and are more clearly identified with the state than almost any other flower.

—EDWARD BOK

The Royalton, New York.

Whatever may be the value of my opinion, you are welcome to my choice of the Mountain Laurel as being a suitable floral emblem for the state of Pennsylvania.

—DAVID BISPHAM

CARNEGIE MUSEUM,
Department of
The Carnegie Institute,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Your letter of September the 15th, in reference to a state flower, was duly received. I would have replied sooner, but have had a great deal of important work to attend to. Your suggestion that the mountain laurel might properly be chosen as the state flower is a suggestion which I am not inclined to criticise unfavorably.

The selection of the common daisy of our fields (Leucanthemum) never struck me very favorably, as the

thing is a vile weed and is adventitious from Europe, like so many of our other weeds. To make the daisy of our fields the "state flower" would be as wise as to make the English sparrow a "state bird." As to the Kalmia, or mountain laurel, it is, of course, a native of the Appalachian region. If it has not been adopted by another state, I would be pleased to vote for it, and to work for it if the chance comes.

W. J. HOLLAND,
Director.

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35 Newberry St., Boston.

It seems to me that the mountain laurel might very appropriately be called the Pennsylvania flower. I much prefer it as a state emblem to any of the others that you have named. My native state does not, it seems to me, suggest the qualities which are embodied in the daisy, the violet, or the arbutus.

—MARGARET DELAND

Department of Public Instruction,
Harrisburg, Pa..

I have your letter proposing the mountain laurel as the state flower. I have no idea what propositions will be made in the coming session of the Legislature, and I do not feel that I have a right to give an opinion on this. I confess, however, that I did not like the daisy, which was proposed at the last session. It is a pest on a farm.

—NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER,
State Supt. Public Instruction.

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251 West Harvey St.,
Germantown, Pa.

I am in receipt of your valued favor of November 18th, in reference to the renewed effort which will be made at the meeting of our General Assembly in January to have them adopt a state flower, and I am glad you have brought the subject to my attention.

I have been interested in the subject, but never to seriously consider an appropriate flower for adoption. The daisy appealed to me, as did also the golden-rod, but after reflection I do not know of a more appropriate flower for Pennsylvania than the Mountain Laurel, and I should indeed be pleased to hear that it has been adopted.

—ETHAN ALLEN WEAVER,
Secretary Sons of the Revolution.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 20.

I have yours of recent date together with leaflet entitled "The Mountain Laurel for the State Flower."

Your suggestion of the Mountain Laurel as the state flower meets with my entire approval. If the State Legislature should adopt a floral emblem, I would be glad to advocate the selection of the Mountain Laurel.

—BOIES PENROSE

Muhlenberg College, Feb. 8.

I heartily endorse your suggestion to make the mountain laurel, Kalmia latifolia, our "State Flower." I know of no more appropriate emblem. I will do all in my power to encourage the movement.

—H. D. BAILEY

Honesdale, Pa., Oct. 5.

I am inclined to agree with Gov. Tener that there is no general demand for the adoption of any flower as a state emblem. However, as a resident of this county proposed and advocated the daisy, I would not care to put myself on record as favoring some other flower.

—HOMER GREENE

Golden-rod for me.

—FRED. L. PATTEE

Swarthmore, Pa., Sept. 17.

Your interesting letter I enjoyed, and I appreciate your love of the mountain laurel.

But my preference,—since you kindly ask for it,—is for the Golden-rod. It is both a mountain and lowland flower, and thus far more widely spread over our State than your Laurel, is it not? Coming thro' your beautiful country last week, from the Poconos, I rejoiced in the fields of Goldenrod.

I shall be much interested in the final decision.

—JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

Some time ago I received your letter with regard to the flower for our state, but owing to illness I have been unable to answer it.

Last spring I worked for the "rhododendron" as my preference, so that I cannot endorse the "laurel" for the state flower.

—MRS. C. M. SCHWAB

In a recent Philadelphia newspaper I see that you have started a movement to have our Mountain Laurel adopted as our state flower. I hope you will be successful.

For some years I have been trying to interest various people in the preservation of our beautiful laurel. We can not object to people picking it when it is in bloom. What I do wish to prevent is the use of it as a Christmas decoration. The foliage is used is making "ropes," that is a rope is used as a foundation and it is surrounded by laurel leaves, taking hundreds of branches to make a few yards of laurel rope. The wood of laurel is brittle and thus easily broken and gathered. Also the branches are used with the evergreen leaves at Christmas time and often when a background of foliage is desired. This is what is depleting our woods around Harrisburg. Almost every market day some farmer has arm loads of laurel branches.

What can we do to prevent this wholesale use of laurel?

—MARY ALFORD JOHNSON

In the Philadelphia Ledger of Sunday, Jan. 10th, I note there will be a bill introduced in the Legislature providing for the adoption of "Laurel" as the state flower, by Assemblyman Fred E. Geiser and that you started the movement.

Now I have been interested in this matter for some years and looked with no favor on such suggestions as the daisy, golden rod, violet, etc.

The Rhododendron has always been my choice and I think the most appropriate, and now that the wave is coming a little my way, I want to ask if this is not a misprint and that the Rhododendron is what is meant. This is sometimes called in error the high Laurel. The low plant,—the Laurel, is only a poor imitation of the beautiful Rhododendron up here on the Alleghenies. We have them both in great abundance and I would be gratified indeed if the Rhododendron is adopted as our state flower.

It is worthy the honor of representing our great state and I believe more generally grows all over the state than any other flower that could be named.

Please do not allow the mistake of calling it "Laurel." I sincerely hope the bill will go through.

—LAURA CRISSMAN

THE LAUREL FOAM

There are waves of billowy blossoms
On the hillside now, I know,
And the laurel foam is breaking
On the heights of Pocono.
Far below the rolling tree tops
Lie, an endless, emerald sea,
And the soft, South wind is singing
Its own symphony to me.

I can hear the mountain torrents
Splash and tumble, leap and glide
Through the rhododendron tangles
Where the speckled beauties hide.
And I wonder if the whip-poor-will
I heard that night in June,
Is complaining from the thicket
To another rising moon.

Through the open office window
Comes the clangor of the street,
The traffic of the trolley
And the tramp of tired feet,
But the South wind's softly calling,
And I know it's time to go,
For the laurel foam is breaking
On the heights of Pocono.

—FRANK HILL PHILLIPS

A SONNET BY LLOYD MIFFLIN.

Search all the gardens, — every reedy fen,
Upland, and meadow where wild nature teems,
The tangled thicket where the torrent gleams
In thunderous foam adown the forest glen,
And thou shalt find no flowering denizen
Equal our Kalmia, robed in rosiest white,
Whose beauty is a pang of pure delight,
Touching, through loveliness, the heart of men.

Unfading Laurel! symbol of our hopes,
Immortal Dryad of the greenwood gloom,
Long mayst thou haunt these Appalachian slopes
And be our sovereign State's resplendent Flower,—
Beauteous as Morning in thy roseate bloom,
Strong as our mountains in enduring power.

Arbor Day Celebration

BATH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BATH, PENNSYLVANIA
CASTLE HALL, APRIL 20, 1906

PROGRAMME

TREE PLANTING SONG	
Prayer	REV. S. R. DOWNIE
Governor's Arbor Day Proclamation	PRIN. H. M. SNYDER
Recitation *"Plant a Tree"*	NELLIE STECKEL
Reading *"Historic Trees"*	EVA ZIMMERMAN
The Meaning of Arbor Day	PRIMARY PUPILS
Declamation *"The Acorn and the Pumpkin"*	RUSSELL RHYMER
Forest Song	
Letter from President Roosevelt	PRIN. H. M. SNYDER
Essay *"The Roosevelt Hickory"*	RUTH B. MCILHANEY
Extract from Roosevelt's *"Oliver Cromwell"*	ROBT. F. SILFIES
Recitation Bryant's *"Forest Hymn"*	ANNIE ACHENBACH
Breezes of the Forest	SECONDARY PUPILS
Song *"Swinging 'neath the Old Apple Tree"*	
Extract from Roosevelt's *"Rough Riders"*	JESSE BEERS
Extract from Roosevelt's St. Louis Address	MARK KREIDLER
Address	REV. J. E. SMITH, D. D.
Dedicating and Naming the Tree	MR. ASA K. MCILHANEY
Planting	By the SCHOOL-CHILDREN OF BATH
Song *"America"*	

(Specimen Program)